

81-2/208

THE
UPHOLSTERER,

OR,

What NEWS?

A

F A R C E,

In Two ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

——— O Bone (*nam te*
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, (oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti? ———

By Mr. MURPHY.

DUBLIN:

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PROLOGUE.

WHEN first, in falling Greece's evil Hour,
 Ambition aim'd at universal Pow'r ;
 When the fierce Man of Macedon began
 Of a new Monarchy to form the Plan ;
 Each Greek ——— (as fam'd Demosthenes relates)
 Politically mad ! ——— wou'd rave of States !
 And help'd to form, where'er the Mob could meet,
 An Areopagus in ev'ry Street.
 What News, what News ? was their eternal cry ;
 Is Philip sick ! * — then soar'd their spirits high, — }
 Philip is well ! ——— Dejection in each Eye. }
 Athenian Coblers join'd in deep Debate,
 While Gold in secret undermin'd the State ;
 Till Wisdom's Bird the Vultur's Prey was made ;
 And the Sword gleam'd in Academus Shade.

Now modern Philips threaten this our Land,
 What say Britannia's Sons ? ——— along the Strand
 What News ? ye cry — with the same Passion smit ;
 And there at least you rival Attic Wit.
 A Parliament of Porters here shall muse
 On state Affairs — “ swallow wing a Taylor's News ;”
 For Ways and Means no starv'd Projector sleeps ;
 And ev'ry Shop some mighty Statesman keeps ;
 He Britain's foes, like Bobadil, can kill ;
 Supply th' EXCHEQUER, and neglect his Till.
 In ev'ry Ale-house Legislators meet ;
 And Patriots settle Kingdoms in the Fleet.

To shew this Phrenzy in its genuine Light,
 A modern Newsmonger appears to Night ;
 Trick'd out from Addison's accomplish'd Page,
 Behold ! th' Upholsterer ascends the Stage.

No Minister such Trials e'er hath stood ;
 He turns a BANKRUPT for the public Good !
 Undone himself, yet full of England's Glory !
 A Politician ! ——— neither Whig nor Tory ———
 Nor can ye high or low the Quixote call ;
 “ He's Knight o'th' Shire and represents ye all.”

A 2

As

* Vide the first Philippic.

*As for the Bard, ——— to you he yields his Plan;
 For well he knows, you're candid where ye can.
 One only Praise he claims, ——— no Party-stroke
 Here turns a public Character to joke.
 His Panacæa is for all Degrees,
 For all have more or less of this Disease.
 Whatever his Success, of this he's sure,
 There's Merit even to attempt the Cure.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

QUIDNUNC, the Upholsterer,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
PAMPHLET,	Mr. SHUTER.
RAZOR, a Barber,	Mr. WOODWARD.
FEEBLE,	Mr. HAYES.
BELLMOUR,	Mr. WHITE.
ROSEWELL,	Mr. DAVIS.
CODICIL, a Lawyer, *	
BRISK,	
Watchman,	Mr. WELLER.

W O M E N.

HARRIET,	Miss MILLER.
TERMAGANT,	Miss ELLIOT.
Maid to FEEBLE,	Miss COCKAYNE.

* For the sake of Brevity, Codicil's Scene is omitted in the Representation, as are likewise a few Passages in the second Act.

THE UPHOLSTERER.

ACT I.

SCENE BELLMOUR'S *Lodging.*

Enter BELLMOUR, beating BRISK.

BRISK.

MR. *Bellmour*, — let me die, Sir, — as I hope to be fav'd, Sir —

Bell. Sirrah! Rogue! Villain! — I'll teach you, I will, you Rascal, to speak irreverently of her I love. —

Brisk. As I am a Sinner, Sir, I only meant —

Bell. Only meant! You could not mean it, Jackanapes, — you had no Meaning, Booby. —

Brisk. Why, no, Sir, — that's the very Thing, Sir, — I had no Meaning.

Bell. Then, Sirrah, I'll make you know your Meaning for the future. —

Brisk. Yes, Sir, — to be sure, Sir, — and yet upon my Word if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you'd find I am not much to blame. — Besides Master, you can't conceive the good it would do your Health, if you will but keep your Temper a little. —

Bell. Mighty well, Sir, give your Advice.

Brisk. Why really now this same Love hath metamorphosed us both very strangely, Master, — for to be free; here have we been at this Work these six Weeks, — stark-staring mad in Love with a Couple of Baggages not worth a Groat, — and yet Heav'n help us! they have as much Pride as comes to the Share of a Lady of Quality before she has been caught in the Fact with a handsome young Fellow, — or indeed after she has been caught, for that Matter. —

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Bell.

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Bell. You won't have done, Rascal. ———

Brisk. In short, my young Mistress and her Maid have as much Pride and Poverty as — as — no Matter what, they have the Devil and all, ——— when at the same Time every Body knows the old broken Upholsterer, Miss *Harriet's* Father, might give us all he has in the World, and not eat the worse Pudding on a Sunday for it.

Bell. Impious, execrable Atheist! What, detract from Heaven: I'll reform your Notions, I will, you saucy — [beats him.]

Brisk. Nay, but my dear Sir! — a little Patience, — not so hard. —

Enter ROVEWELL.

Rove. *Bellmour* your Servant, — what at Logger-heads with my old Friend *Brisk*.

Bell. Confusion! Mr. *Roverwell* your Servant, — this is your doing, Hang-dog. — *Jack Roverwell* I am glad to see thee. ———

Rove. *Brisk* used to be a good Servant, — he has not been tampering with any of his Master's Girls, has he?

Bell. Do you know, *Roverwell*, that he has had the Impudence to talk detractingly and profanely of my Mistress? —

Brisk. For which, Sir, I have suffered inhumanly and most unchristian-like, I assure you.

Bell. Will you leave Prating, Booby?

Rove. Well, but, *Bellmour*, where does she live? — I'm but just arriv'd you know, and I'll go and beat up her Quarters. ——— [Half aside.]

Bell. Beat up her Quarters! — (looks at him smilingly, then half aside.)

Favours to none; to all she Smiles extends,

Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

[stands musing.]

Rove. Hey! What fallen into a Reverie! — Prithee, *Brisk*, what does all this mean?

Brisk. Why, Sir, you must know — I am over Head and Ears in Love. —

Rove. But I mean your Master; what ails him?

Brisk.

Briſk. That's the very thing I'm going to tell you Sir,—as I ſaid, Sir,—I am over Head and Ears in Love with a whimſical, queer kind of a Piece, here in the Neighbourhood, and ſo nothing can ſerve my Maſter, but he muſt fall in Love with her Miſtreſs,—look at him now, Sir,—

[*Bellmour continues muſing and muttering to himſelf.*]

Rove. Ha, ha, ha,——Poor *Bellmour*, I pity thee with all my Heart. —

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder, then ludicrously repeats.*]

Ye Gods annihilate both Space and Time, ———

And make two Lovers happy. ———

Bell. My dear *Roverwell*, ſuch a Girl,—ten Thouſand *Cupids* play about her Mouth, you Rogue. —

Rove. Ten Thouſand Pounds had better play about her Pocket—what Fortune has ſhe?

Briſk. Heaven help us, not much to crack of. —

Bell. Not much to crack of, Mr. *Braxen*, prithee, *Roverwell*, how can you be ſo ungenerous as to aſk ſuch a Queſtion? You know I don't mind Fortune; though by the way ſhe has an Uncle who is determined to ſettle very handſomely on her; and on the Strength of that, does ſhe give herſelf innumerable Airs. —

Rove. Fortune not to be minded! ——— I'll tell you what, *Bellmour*, tho' you have a good one already, there's no kind of Inconvenience in a little more. — I'm ſure if I had not minded Fortune, I might have been in *Jamaica* ſtill, not worth a Sugar-Cane; but the Widow *Moloffes* took a Fancy to me;—Heaven, or a worſe Deſtiny has taken a Fancy to her, and ſo after ten Years Exile, and being turn'd a-drift by my Father, here am I again a warm Planter, and a Widower, moſt woefully tir'd of Matrimony;—but, my dear *Bellmour*, we were both ſo overjoy'd to meet one another Yeſterday Evening, juſt as I arriv'd in Town, that I did not hear a Syllable from you of your Love Fit: How, when, and where did this happen?

Bell. Oh!—by the moſt fortunate Accident that ever was.—I'll tell thee, *Roverwell*: I was going one Night from the Tavern about ſix Weeks ago,—I had been there with a Parcel of Blades whoſe only Joy is center'd in their Bottle, and faith till this Accident I

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was no better myself,—but ever since I am grown quite a new Man.

Rowe. Ay, a new Man indeed!—Who in the Name of Wonder would take thee, sunk as thou art into a musing, moping, melancholy Lover, for the gay *Charles Bellmour* whom I knew in the *West-Indies*?

Bell. Poh, that is not mentioned,—you know my Father took me against my Will from the University, and consigned me over to the academic Discipline of a Man of War; so that to prevent a Dejection of Spirits, I was oblig'd to run into the opposite Extreme,—as you yourself were wont to do.

Rowe. Why, yes, I had my Moments of Reflection, and was glad to dissipate them—You know I always told you there was something extraordinary in my Story; and so there is still, I suppose it must be cleared up in a few Days now—I'm in no Hurry about it tho'; I must see the Town a little this Evening, and have my Frolick first. But to the Point. *Bellmour*, you was going from the Tavern you say.—

Bell. Yes, Sir, about two in the Morning, and I perceived an unusual Blaze in the Air,—I was in a rambling Humour, and so resolv'd to know what it was.

Briek. I, and my Master went together, Sir.—

Bell. Oh! *Roverwell*! my better Stars ordain'd it to light me on to Happiness;—by sure Attraction led, I came to the very Street where a House was on Fire; Water-Engines playing, Flames ascending, all Hurry, Confusion, and Distress; when on a sudden the Voice of Despair, Silver sweet, came thrilling down to my very Heart;—poor, dear, little Soul, what can she do, cried the Neighbours? Again she scream'd, the Fire gathering Force, and gaining upon her every Instant;—here, Ma'am, said I, leap into my Arms, I'll be sure to receive you;—and wou'd you think it? down she came,—my dear *Roverwell*, such a Girl!—I caught her in my Arms, you Rogue, safe, without Harm.—The dear naked *Venus*, just risen from her Bed, my Boy,—her slender Waist, *Roverwell*, the downy Smoothness of her whole Person, and her Limbs “harmonious, swell'd by Nature's softest Hand.”—

Rowe.

Rove. Raptures, and Paradise! What Seraglio in Covent-Garden did you carry her to?

Bell. There again now! Do, prithee correct your Way of Thinking, take a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous Love and purify your Ideas.—Her lovely Bashfulness, her delicate Fears,—her Beauty heighten'd and endear'd by Distress, dispers'd my wildest Thoughts, and melted me into Tendernefs and Respect.——

Rove. But, *Bellmour*, surely she has not the Impudence to be modest after you have had Possession of her Person.——

Bell. My Views are honourable I assure you, Sir; but her Father is so absurdly positive—The Man's distracted about the Balance of Power, and will give his Daughter to none but a Politician.—When there was an Execution on his House, he thought of nothing but the Camp at *Pyrna*, and now he's a Bankrupt, his Head runs upon Ways and Means, and Schemes for paying off the national Debt: The Affairs of *Europe* engrois all his Attention, while the Distresses of his lovely Daughter pass unnoticed.

Rove. Ridiculous enough!—But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to Bed to the Wench at once?—Take her into Keeping, Man.——

Bell. How can you talk so affrontingly of her?—Have not I told you tho' her Father is ruin'd, still she has great Expectancies from a rich relation?——

Rove. Then what do you stand watering at the Mouth for? If she is to have Money enough to pay for her China, her Gaming Debts, her Dogs, and her Monkeys, marry her then, if you needs must be ensnar'd; be in a Fool's Paradise for a Honey-Moon, then come to yourself, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honest Fellows again;—carry her off I say, and never stand whining for the Father's Consent.——

Bell. Carry her off?—I like the Scherze,—will you assist me?

Rove. No, no, there I beg to be excus'd. Don't you remember what the Satyrist says,—“Never marry while there's a Halter to be had for Money, or a Bridge to afford a convenient Leap.”

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Bell. Prithee leave Fooling.—

Rove. I am in serious Earnest I assure you ; I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any Scheme or Frolic with you, but war Matrimony.—Nay, if you'll come to the Tavern this Evening, I'll drink your Mistress's Health in a Bumper ; but as to your conjugal Scheme, I'll have nothing to do with that Business positively.—

Bell. Well, well, I'll take you at your Word, and meet you at ten exactly at the same Place we were at last Night ; then and there I'll let you know what further Measures I've concerted.

Rove. Till then, Farewell, *a-propos*, do you know that I've seen none of my Relations yet?

Bell. Time enough To-morrow.

Rove. Ay, ay, To-morrow will do.—well, your Servant. [Exit Rovewell.]

Bell. *Rovewell*, yours,—see the Gentleman down Stairs,—and d'ye hear, come to me into my Study that I may give you a Letter to *Harriet*, and hark ye, Sir,—Be sure you see *Harriet* yourself ; and let me have no Messages from that officious Go-between, her Mrs. *Slipslop* of a Maid, with her unintelligible Jargon of hard Words, of which she neither knows the Meaning nor Pronunciation.—[Exit Brisk.] I'll write to her this Moment, acquaint her with the soft Tumult of my Desires, and, if possible, make her mine this very Night.—

[Exit repeating.]

*Love first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid.—*

SCENE *The Upholsterer's House.*

Enter HARRIET and TERMAGANT.

Term. Well, but Ma'am, he has made love to you six Weeks *successfully* ; he has been as constant in his 'Moors, poor Gentleman, as if you had the *Subversion* of a 'State to settle upon him—and if he slips thro' your Fingers now, Ma'am, you have nobody to *depute* it to but yourself.

Har. Lard, *Termagant*, how you run on !—I tell you again and again my Pride was touched, because he seemed

seemed to presume on his Opulence, and my Father's Distresses.

Term. La, Miss *Harriet*, how can you be so *paradoxical* in your 'Pinions?

Har. Well, but you know tho' my Father's Affairs are ruin'd I am not in so desperate a Way; consider my Uncle's Fortune is no Trifle, and I think that Prospect intitles me to give myself a few Airs before I resign my Person.

Term. I grant ye, Ma'am, you have very good Pretensions; but then it's waiting for dead Men's Shoes: I'll venture to be perjur'd Mr. *Bellmour* ne'er disclaim'd an *Idear* of your Father's Distress.—

Har. Supposing that.

Term. Suppose, Ma'am—I know it *disputably* to be so.

Har. Indisputably I guess you mean;—but I'm tired of wrangling with you about Words.

Term. By my Troth you're in the right on't;—there's ne'er a she in all old *England*, (as your Father calls it) is Mistress of such *Phisiology*, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their Words together with such a *Curacy* as myself. I once lived with a *Mistress*, Ma'am,—*Mistress*!—She was a Lady—a great Brewer's Wife!—and she wore as fine Cloaths as any Person of Quality, let her get up as early as she will—and she used to call me—*Termagant*, says she,—What's the *Sigrification* of such a Word—and I always told her—I told her the *Importation* of all my Words, though I could not help laughing, Miss *Harriet*, to see so fine a Lady such a downright *ignorant*.

Har. Well,—but pray now, *Termagant*, would you have me directly upon being asked the Question, throw myself into the Arms of a Man?

Term. O' my Conscience you did throw yourself into his Arms with scarce a Shift on, that's what you did.

Har. Yes, but that was a Leap in the Dark, when there was no Time to think of it.

Term. Well, it does not signify *Argiflying*, I wish we were both warm in Bed; you with Mr. *Bellmour*, and I with his Coxcomb of a Man; instead of being *manar-*

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ed here with an old crazy Fool—*axing* your Pardon Ma'am, for calling your Father so—but he is a Fool, and the worst of Fools, with his *Policies*—when his House is full of *Statues* of *Bangcreffy*.

Har. It's too true, *Termagant*,—yet he's my Father still, and I can't help loving him.

Term. Fiddle faddle,—Love him!—he's an *Anecdote* against Love.

Har. Hush! here he comes!—

Term. No, it's your Uncle *Feeble*, poor Gentleman, I pity's him, eaten up with *Infirmaries*, to be taking such Pains with a Madman.

Enter Feeble.

Har. Well, Uncle, have you been able to console him?

Feeble. He wants no Consolation, Child,—lackaday,—I'm so infirm I can hardly move.—I found him tracing in the Map, Prince *Charles* of *Lorraine's* Passage over the *Rhine*, and comparing it with *Julius Caesar's*.

Term. An old Blockhead—I've no Patience with him, with his Fellows coming after him every Hour in the Day with News. Well now I wishes there was no such a Thing as a News-paper in the World, with such a Pack of Lies, and such a deal of *Jab-jab* every Day.

Feeble. Ay, there were three or four shabby Fellows with him when I went into his Room—I can't get him to think of appearing before the Commissioners To-morrow, to disclose his Effects; but I'll send my Neighbour Counsellor *Codicil* to him,—don't be dejected, *Harriet*, my poor Sister, your Mother, was a good Woman; I love you for her sake, Child, and all I am worth, shall be yours—But I must be going,—I find myself but very ill; good Night, *Harriet*, good Night.

[*Exit Feeble.*]

Har. You'll give me Leave to see you to the Door, Sir.

[*Exit Harriet.*]

Term. O' my Conscience this Master of mine within here might have pick'd up his Crums as well as Mr. *Feeble*, if he had any *Idear* of his Business, I'm sure if I had not Hopes from Mr. *Feeble*, I should not tarry in this House—By my Troth, if all who have nothing to say to the *'fairs* of the Nation, would
mind

mind their own Business, and those who should take care of our *'fairs*, would mind their Business too, I fancy poor old *England* (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em — This old crazy Pate within here — playing the Fool — when the Man is past his grand *Clytemnesther*. [Exit Termagant.]

SCENE discovers QUIDNUNC at a Table with News Papers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.

Quid. Six and three is nine — seven and four is eleven, and carry one — let me see, 126 Million — 199 Thousand, 328 — and all this with about — where, where's the amount of the Specie? Here, here, — with about 15 Million in Specie, all this great Circulation! good, good, — why then how are we ruined? — how are we ruined? — What says the Land-Tax at 4 Shillings in the Pound, two Million! now where's my new Assessment? — here, — here, the 5th part of Twenty, 5 in 2 I can't, but 5 in 20 (*pauses*) right, 4 times — why then upon my new Assessment there's 4 Million — how are we ruined? — what says Malt, Cyder, and Mum, — eleven and carry one, naught and go 2 — good, good, Malt, Hops, Cyder, and Mum; then there's the Wine Licence, and the Gin Act — The Gin Act is no bad Article — if the People will shoot Fire down their Throats, why in a Christian Country they should pay as much as possible for Suicide — Salt! good — Sugar, very good — Window lights — good again! — Stamp Duty, that's not so well — It will have a bad Effect upon the News-Papers, and we shan't have enough of Politics — But there's the Lottery — where's my new Scheme for a Lottery? — Here it is. — Now for the Amount of the whole — How are we ruin'd? 7 and carry nought — nought and carry one. —

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Sir, Sir, —

Quid. Hold your Tongue you Baggage, you'll put me out — nought and carry one.

Term. Counsellor *Codicil* will be with you presently. —

Quid. Prithee be quiet, Woman — how are we ruined?

Term.

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Term. Ay, I'm *confidous* as how you may thank yourself for your own *Ruination*.

Quid. Ruin the Nation! — hold your Tongue you Jade, I'm raising the Supplies within the Year, — how many did I carry?

Term. Yes, you've carried your Pigs to a fine Market. —

Quid. Get out of the Room, Hussy — you Trollop, get out of the Room. — [*turning her out.*]

Enter RAZOR, with Suds on his Hands, &c.

Quid. Friend Razor, I am glad to see thee — well, hast got any News?

Razor. A Budget! I left a Gentleman half shaved in my Shop over the way; it came into my Head of a sudden, so I could not be at Ease till I told you. —

Quid. That's kind, that's kind, Friend Razor — never mind the Gentleman, he can wait. —

Razor. Yes, so he can, he can wait. —

Quid. Come, now let's hear, what is't?

Razor. I shav'd a great Man's Butler to Day. —

Quid. Did ye?

Razor. I did.

Quid. Ay;

Razor. Very true. (*both shake their Heads.*)

Quid. What did he say?

Razor. Nothing.

Quid. Hum — how did he look?

Razor. Full of Thought.

Quid. Ay? full of Thought — what can that mean?

Razor. It must mean something.

(*staring at each other.*)

Quid. Mayhap somebody may be going out of Place.

Razor. Like enough, — there's something at the Bottom, when a great Man's Butler looks grave, things can't hold out in this manner, Master *Quid-nunc*! — Kingdoms rise and fall! — Luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed. (*Stares at him.*)

Quid. Pray now, Friend Razor, do you find Business as current now as before the War?

Razor.

Razor. No, no, I have not made a Wig the Lord knows when, I can't mind it for thinking of my poor Country.

Quid. That's generous, Friend *Razor*.

Razor. Yes, I can't gi' my Mind to any for thinking of my Country, and when I was in *Bedlam*, it was the same, I cou'd think of nothing else in *Bedlam*, but poor old *England*, and so they said as how I was incurable for it. —

Quid. S'bodikins? they might as well say the same of me.

Razor. So they might — well, your Servant Mr. *Quidnunc*, I'll go now and shave the rest of the Gentleman's Face — Poor Old *England*!

(*sighs and shakes his Head going.*)

Quid. But hark ye, Friend *Razor*, ask the Gentleman if he has got any News. —

Razor. I will, I will.

Quid. And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has. —

Razor. I will, I will — poor Old *England*. (*going returns*) O, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I want to ask you — pray now. —

Enter *TERMAGANT*.

Term. Gemini! Gemini! — How can a Man have so little *Difference* for his Customers. —

Quid. I tell you, Mrs. *Malapert*. —

Term. And I tell you the Gentleman keeps such a Bawling yonder, for Shame, Mr. *Razor* — you'll be a *Bankrupter* like my Master, with such a House full of Children as you have, pretty little things — that's what you will. —

Razor. I'm a coming, I'm a coming, Mrs. *Termagant*. — I say, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I can't sleep in my Bed for thinking what will come of the Protestants, if the Papists should get the better in the present War. —

Quid. I'll tell you — The Geographer of our Coffee-house was saying the other Day, that there is an huge Tract of Land about the Pole, where the Protestants may retire, and that the Papists will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the northern Powers hold together, and the grand *Turk* make a *Diversion* in their Favour.

Razor.

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Razor. That makes me easy — I'm glad the Protestants will know where to go if the Papists shou'd get the better (*going returns*) Oh! Mr. *Quidnunc* ——— hark'ye — *India Bonds* are risen.

Quid. Are they? — how much?

Razor. A *Jew* Pedlar said in my Shop as how they are risen three Sixteenths —

Quid. Why then that makes some amends for the Price of Corn —

Razor. So it does, so it does, if they but hold up and the Protestants know where to go, I shall then have a Night's Rest mayhap. — [Exit *Razor*.

Quid. I shall never be rightly easy till those careening Wharfs at *Gibraltar* are repaired. —

Term. Fiddle for your *Dwarfs*, impair your ruin'd Fortune, do that.

Quid. If only one Ship can heave down at a time, there will be no End of it—and then why should Watering be so tedious there?

Term. Look where your Daughter comes, and yet you'll be *ruinating* about *Give-a-balter*, while that poor thing is breaking her Heart.

Enter HARRIET.

Quid. It's one Comfort, however, they can always have fresh Provisions in the *Mediterranean* —

Har. Dear Papa, what's the *Mediterranean* to People in our Situation? ———

Quid. The *Mediterranean*, Child? Why if we should lose the *Mediterranean*, we're all undone.

Har. Dear Sir, that's our Misfortune ——— we are undone already —

Quid. No, no, — here, here Child — I have raised the Supplies within the Year.

Term. I tell you, you're a *lunadic* Man.

Quid. Yes, yes, I'm a Lunatic to be sure — I tell you, *Harriet*, I have saved a gread deal out of my Affairs for you —

Har. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, don't do that — you must give up every thing, my Uncle *Feeble's* Lawyer will be here to talk with you about it. —

Quid. Poh, poh, I tell you, I know what I'm about;

bout; — you shall have my Books and Pamphlets, and all the Manifestoes of the Powers at War. —

Har. And so make me a Politician, Sir?

Quid. It would be the Pride of my Heart to find I had got a Politician in Pettycoats — a Female *Machiavel*! — S'bodikins, you might then know as much as most People that talk in Coffee-houses, and who knows but in time you might be a Maid of Honour, or Sweeper of the Mall, or —

Har. Dear Sir, don't I see what you have got by Politics!

Quid. Pshaw! my Country's of more Consequence to me, and, let me tell you, you can't think too much of your Country in these worst of Times; for Mr. *Monitor* has told us, that Affairs in the North, and the Protestant Interest, begin to grow TICKLISH.

Term. And your Daughter's Affairs are very TICKLISH too, I'm sure. —

Har. Prithee, *Termagant*. —

Term. I must speak to him — I know you are in a very TICKLISH Situation, Ma'am.

Quid. I tell you, you Trull. —

Term. But I am *convicted* it is so — and the Posture of my Affairs is very TICKLISH too — and so I imprecate that Mr. *Bellmour* wou'd come, and, —

Quid. Mr. *Bellmour* come! I tell you, Mrs. *Saucebox*, that my Daughter shall never be married to a Man that has not better Notions of the Balance of Power.

Term. But what *Purvision* will you make for her now with your Balances?

Quid. There again now! — Why do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the Papers for a Match for you, Child; there's often good Matches advertised in the Papers. — Evil betide it, — Evil betide it! — I once thought to have struck a great Stroke, that would have astonished all *Europe*, — I thought to have married my Daughter to *Theodore* King of *Corfica*. —

Har. What, and have me perish in a Jail, Sir!

Quid. S'bodikins my Daughter would have had her Coronation-Day; — I should have been allied to a crowned Head, and been FIRST LORD OF THE TREA-

SURY OF CORSICA! — But come, — now I'll go and talk over the *London Evening*, till the *Gazette* comes in — I shan't sleep to Night unless I see the *Gazette*.

Enter CODICIL.

Codic. Mr. *Quidnunc*, your Servant — the Door was open, and I entered upon the Premises — I'm just come from the Hall.

Quid. S'bodikins! This Man is now come to keep me at Home.

Codic. Upon my Word Miss *Harriet*'s a very pretty young Lady, as pretty a young Lady, as one would desire to have and to hold. Ma'am, your most obedient; I have drawn my Friend *Feeble*'s Will, in which you have all his Goods and Chattels, Lands and Hereditaments.

Har. I thank you, Sir, for the Information —

Codic. And I hope soon to draw your Marriage Settlement for my Friend Mr. *Bellmour*.

Har. O Lud! Sir, not a Word of that before my Father — I wish you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his Affairs. —

Codic. Why yes, I have Instructions for that Purpose; Mr. *Quidnunc*, I am instructed to expound the Law to you.

Quid. What, the Law of Nations?

Codic. I am instructed, Sir, that you're a Bankrupt — *Quasi bancus ruptus* — *Banque route faire* — and my Instructions say further, that you are summoned to appear before the Commissioners To-morrow. —

Quid. That may be, Sir, but I can't go To-morrow, and so I shall send 'em Word — I am to be To-morrow at *Slaughter*'s Coffee-house with a private Committee about Business of great Consequence to the Affairs of *Europe*. —

Codic. Then, Sir, if you don't go, I must instruct you, that you'll be guilty of a Felony: it will be deem'd to be done *malo Animo* — it is held so in the Books — and what says the Statute? By the 5th *George* 2d, *Cap.* 30. Not surrendering or imbezeling is Felony without Benefit of Clergy.

Quid.

Quid. Ay, — you tell me News. —

Codic. Give me leave, Sir, — I am instructed to expound the Law to you; Felony is thus described in the Books, *Felonia*, saith *Hotoman*, *de Verbis feudilibus*, *significat capitale facinus*, a capital Offence.

Quid. You tell me News, you do indeed.

Codic. It was so apprehended by the *Goths*, and the *Longobards*, and what saith Sir *Edward Coke*? *Fieri debeat felleo animo*.

Quid. You've told me News — I did not know it was Felony; but if the *Flanders Mail* should come in while I am there — I shall know nothing at all of it. —

Codic. But why should you be uneasy? *cui bono* Mr. *Quidrunc*, *cui bono*?

Quid. Not uneasy! If the *Papists* should beat the *Protestants* —

Codic. But I tell you, they can get no Advantage of us. The Laws against the further Growth of *Po-pery* will secure us — there are *Provisoos* in Favour of *Protestants Purchasers* under *Papists* — 10th *Geo. I. Cap. 4* and 6 *Geo. II. Cap. 5*.

Quid. Ay!

Codic. And besides *Popish Recusants* can't carry Arms, so can have no Right of Conquest, *Vi & armis*.

Quid. That's true — that's true — I'm easier in my Mind. —

Codic. To be sure, what are you uneasy about? The *Papists* can have no Claim to *Silesia*. —

Quid. Can't they?

Codic. No, they can set up no Claim — If the Queen on her Marriage had put all her Lands into *Hotchpot*, then indeed — and it seemeth, saith *Littleton*, that this Word *Hotchpot* is in *English* a *Pudding*. —

Quid. You reason very clearly, Mr. *Codicil*, upon the Rights of the Powers at War, and so now if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my Affairs.

Codic. Nor does the Matter rest here; for how can she set up a Claim, when she has made a Conveyance to the House of *Brandenburgh*? the Law,
Mr.

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Mr. *Quidnunc* is very severe against fraudulent Conveyances. —

Quid. S'bodikins, you have satisfied me. —

Codic. Why therefore then — if he will levy Fines and suffer a common Recovery; he can bequeath it as he likes in *feodum simplex*, provided he takes care to put in *ses Heres*.

Quid. I'm heartily glad of it; — so that with regard to my Effects. —

Codic. Why then suppose she was to bring it to a Tryal at Bar. —

Quid. I say with regard to the full Disclosure of my Effects. —

Codic. What wou'd she get by that? — it would go off upon a special Pleading — and as to Equity. —

Quid. Pray must I now surrender my Books and my Pamphlets?

Codic. What wou'd Equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her, he might keep her at least twenty Years before a Master to settle the Account. —

Quid. You have made me easy about the Protestants in this War, you have indeed — so that with regard to my appearing before the Commissioners.

Codic. And as to the *Ban of the Empire*, he may demur to that. For all Tenures by *Knight's Service* are abolished, and the Statute 12 Car. II. has declared all Lands to be held under a *Common Socage*.

Quid. Pray now, Mr. *Codicil*, must not my Creditors appear to prove their Debts? —

Codic. Why therefore then, if they're held in *Common Socage*, I submit it to the Court, — whether the Empire can have any Claim to *Knights service*; — they can't call to him for a single Man for the Wars — *Unum Hominem ad Guerram*; — for what is *Common Socage*? — *Socagium idem est quod servitium socæ*, the Service of the Plough.

Quid. I am ready to attend 'em — But pray now, when my Certificate is signed — it is of great Consequence to me to know this. I say, Sir, when my Certificate is signed, Mayn't I then — Hey! (*starting up*) Hey! — What do I hear?

Codic.

Codic. I apprehend, — I humbly conceive when your Certificate is signed. —

Quid. Hold your Tongue, Man — did not I hear the Gazette?

Newsman. (*within*) Great News in the London-Gazette.

Quid. Yes, yes it is — it is the Gazette —
Termagant. run, you Jade, (*turns her out*) Harriet fly, it is the Gazette (*turns her out.*)

Codic. The Law in that Case, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *prima facie.* —

Quid. I can't hear you, — I have not Time, —
Termagant. run, make Haste. — [*stamps violently.*]

Codic. I say, Sir, it is held in the Books. —

Quid. I care for no Books — I want the Papers. — (*stamping.*)

Codic. Throughout all the Books — Bo! the Man is *non compos*, and his Friends, instead of a Commission of Bankruptcy should take out a Commission of Lunacy. [*Exit Cod.*]

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. What do you keep such a Bawling for? the Newsman says as how the Emperor of *Mocco* is dead. —

Quid. The Emperor of *Morocco*!

Term. Yes, him.

Quid. My poor dear Emperor of *Morocco*.

(*bursts into Tears.*)

Term. Ah! you old Don *Quicksett*! — Ma'am, Ma'am, — Miss *Harriet*, go your ways into the next Room, there's Mr. *Bellmour*'s Man there, Mr. *Bellmour* has sent you a *Billydore*. —

Har. Oh, *Termagant*, my Heart is in an Uproar, — I don't know what to say — where is he? let me run to him this Instant. (*Exit Harriet.*)

Quid. The Emperor of *Morocco* had a regard for the Balance of *Europe*, (*sighs*) well, well, come, come, give me the Paper.

Term. The Newsman would not trust because you're a *Bankrupter*, and so I paid two Pence Halfpenny for it. —

Quid. Let's see, — let's see. —

Term.

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Term. Give me my Money then. —

(*running from him.*)

Quid. Give it me this Instant, you Jade. —

(*after her.*)

Term. Give me my Money, I say — (*from him.*)

Quid. I'll teach you, I will, you Baggage. (*after her.*)

Term. I won't part with it till I have my Money.

(*from him.*)

Quid. I'll give you no Money, Hussy. (*after her.*)

Term. Your Daughter shall marry Mr. Bellmour.

(*from him.*)

Quid. I'll never accede to the Treaty. (*after her.*)

Term. Go, you old Fool. (*from him.*)

Quid. You vile Minx, worse than the Whore of Babylon. (*after her.*)

Term. There, you old crack'd Brain'd Politic, — there's your Paper for you.

(*throws it down, and Exit.*)

Quid. (*sitting down.*) Oh! Heavens! — I'm quite out of Breath, — a Jade, to keep my News from me, — what does it say? what does it say? what does it say? (*Reads very fast while opening the Paper.*) “Whereas a Commission of Bankrupt is awarded and issued forth against *Abraham Quidnunc*, of the Parish of *St. Martin's* in the *Fields*, *Upholsterer*, *Dealer* and *Chapman*, the said Bankrupt is hereby required to surrender himself,” Po, what signifies this Stuff? I don't mind myself, when the Balance of Power is concerned, — however, I shall be read of, in the same Paper, in the *London Gazette*, by the Powers abroad; together with the *Pope*, and the *French King*, and the *Mogul*, and all of 'em — good, good — very good! — here's a Pow'r of News, — let me see, (*reads*) “Letters from the Vice Admiral, dated *Tyger* off *Calcutta*.” — (*mutters to himself very eagerly*) Oddsheart those Baggages will interrupt me, I hear their Tongues a going, clack, clack, I'll run into my Closet, and lock myself up. — a Vixen! a Trollop, — to want Money, from me. — when I may have occasion to buy *The State of the sinking Fund*, or *Faction detected*, or *The Barrier Treaty*, — or, — and beside s,

besides, how cou'd the Jade tell but To-morrow we may have a *Gazette* Extraordinary? [Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE the UPHOLSTERER'S House.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

WHERE, where, where is he?—where's Mr. Pamphlet?—Mr. Pamphlet!—Termagant Mr. a—a—Termagant, Harriet, Termagant, you vile Minx, you faucy—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Here's a Racket indeed!

Quid. Where's Mr. Pamphlet? you, Baggage, if he's gone—

Term. Did not I intimidate that he's in the next Room; why sure the Man's out of his Wits.

Quid. Shew him in here then—I would not miss seeing him for the Discovery of the North-East Passage.

Term. Go, you old Gemini Gomini of a Politic.

[Exit TERM.

Quid. Shew him in I say,—I had rather see him than the whole State of the Peace at *Utrecht*, or 'the *Paris A-lamain*,' or the Votes, or the Minutes, or—Here he comes—the best political Writer of the Age.

Enter PAMPHLET. (With a Surtout Coat, a Muff, a long Campaign Wig out of Curl, and a Pair of black Garters, buckled under the Knees.)

Quid. Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartly glad to see you,—as glad as if you were an Express from the *Groyne*, or from *Berlin*, or from *Zell*, or from *Calcutta* over Land, or from—

Pampb. Mr. Quidnunc, your Servant,—I'm come from a Place of great Importance.—

Quid. Look ye there now!—well, where where?

Pampb. Are we alone?

Quid. Stay, stay, till I shut the Door,—now, now, where do you come from?

Pampb.

Pamph. From the Court of Requests.

(*laying aside his Surtout Coat.*)

Quid. The Court of Requests, (*whispers*) are they up?

Pamph. Hot work.—

Quid. Debates arising may be.

Pamph. Yes, and like to sit late.

Quid. What are they upon?

Pamph. Can't say.—

Quid. What carried you thither?

Pamph. I went in hopes of being taken up.—

Quid. Lookye now, (*shaking his Head*)

Pamph. I've been aiming at it these three Years.—

Quid. Indeed! (*staring at him.*)

Pamph. Indeed,——Sedition is the only thing an Author can live by now,——Time has been I could turn a Penny by an Earthquake; or live upon a Jail-Distemper; or dine upon a bloody Murder;—but now that's all over,—nothing will do now but roasting a Minister———or telling the People, that they are ruined——the People of *England* are never so happy as when you tell'em they are ruined.

Quid. Yes, but they an't ruined———I have a Scheme for paying off the national Debt.

Pamph. Let's see, let's see (*puts on his Spectacles*) well enough! well imagined,—a new Thought this—I must make this my own (*aside*) silly, futile, absurd,——abominable, this will never do—I'll put it in my Pocket and read it over in the Morning for you—now look you here—I'll shew you a Scheme (*rummaging his Pockets*) no that's not it—that's my Conduct of the Ministry, by a Country Gentleman—I proved the Nation undone here, this sold hugely,——and here now, here's my Answer to it, by anoble Lord;—this did not move among the Trade.—

Quid. What do you write on both Sides?

Pamph. Yes, both Sides,——I've two Hands Mr.

Quidnunc.——always impartial,——*Ambo dexter.*——now here, here's my Dedication to a great Man—touch'd Twenty for this—and here,——here's my Libel upon him.—

Quid.

Quid. What, after being obliged to him?

Pamph. Yes, for that Reason,—it excites Curiosity—White-wash and Blacking-ball, Mr. *Quidnunc*! in *utrumque paratus*,—no thriving without it.

Quid. What have you here in this Pocket?

(*prying eagerly.*)

Pamph. That's my Account with *Jacob Zorobabel*, the *Broker*, for writing Paragraphs to raise or tumble the Stocks, or the Price of Lottery Tickets, according to his Purposes.

Quid. Ay, how do you do that?

Pamph. As thus,—To-day the Protestant Interest declines, *Madras* is taken, and *England's* undone; then all the long Faces in the Alley look as dismal as a Blank, and so *Jacob* buys away and thrives upon our Ruin. Then To-morrow, we're all alive and merry again, *Pondicherry's* taken; a certain Northern Potentate will shortly strike a Blow, to astonish all *Europe*, and then every true born *Englishman* is willing to buy a Lottery Ticket for twenty or thirty Shillings more than its worth; so *Jacob* sells away, and reaps the Fruits of our Success.

Quid. What and will the People believe that now?

Pamph. Believe it!—believe any thing,—no Swallow like a true born *Englishman's*—a Man in a Quart Bottle, or a Victory, it's all one to them,—they give a Gulp,—and down it goes,—glib, glib.—

Quid. Yes, but they an't at the Bottom of Things?

Pamph. No, not they, they dabble a little, but can't dive——

Quid. Pray now, Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you think of our Situation?

Pamph. Bad, Sir, bad,—and how can it be better?—the People in Power never send to me,—never consult me,—it must be bad.—Now here, here, (*goes to his loose Coat*) here's a Manuscript!—this will do the Business, a Mastet-piece,—I shall be taken up for this.

Quid. Shall ye?

Pamph. As sure as a Gun I shall,—I know the Bookseller's a Rogue, and will give me up.

B

Quid.

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Quid. But pray now what shall you get by being taken up?

Pamph. I'll tell you—(*whispers*) in order to make me hold my Tongue.

Quid. Ay, but you won't hold your Tongue for all that.

Pamph. Po, po, not a Jot of that,—abuse 'em the next Day.

Quid. Well, well, I wish you Success,—but do you hear no News? have you seen the *Gazette*?

Pamph. Yes, I've seen that,—great News, Mr. *Quidnunc*,—but harkye!—(*whispers*) and kiss Hands next week.

Quid. Ay!

Pamph. Certain.

Quid. Nothing permanent in this World.—

Pamph. All is Vanity.—

Quid. Ups and Downs.—

Pamph. Ins and Outs.—

Quid. Wheels within Wheels.—

Pamph. No Smoak without Fire.

Quid. All's well that Ends well.

Pamph. It will last our Time.

Quid. Whoever lives to see it, will know more of the Matter.

Pamph. Time will tell all.

Quid. Ay, we must leave all to the Determination of Time. Mr. *Pamphlet*, I'm heartily oblig'd to you for this Visit,—I love you better than any Man in England.

Pamph. And for my Part, Mr. *Quidnunc*,—I love you better than I do England itself.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind—there's nothing I would not do, Mr. *Pamphlet*, to serve you.

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*, I know you're a Man of Integrity and Honour,—I know you are,—and now since we have open'd our Hearts, there is a Thing, Mr. *Quidnunc*, in which you can serve me,—you know, Sir,—this is in the Fullness of our Hearts,—you know you have my Note for a Trifle,—hard dealing with Assignees, now, could not you to serve a Friend, could not you throw that Note into the Fire?

Quid.

Each in deep Thought without looking at the other.

Quid. Hey! but would that be honest?

Pamph. Leave that to me, a refin'd Stroke of Policy,
—Papers have been destroyed in all Governments.

Quid. So they have,—it shall be done, it will be political, it will indeed.—Pray now Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you take to be the true political Balance of Power?

Pamph. What do I take to be the Balance of Power?

Quid. Ay, the Balance of Power.

Pamph. The Balance of Power is,—what do I take to be the Balance of Power,—the Balance of Power (*shuts his Eyes*) what do I take to be the Balance of Power?

Quid. The Balance of Power, I take to be, when the Court of Aldermen sits.

Pamph. No, no,—

Quid. Yes, yes.—

Pamph. No, no, the Balance of Power is when the Foundations of Government and the Superstructures are natural.

Quid. How d'ye mean natural?

Pamph. Prithee be quiet, Man,—this is the Language.—The Balance of Power is—when the Superstructures are reduc'd to proper Balances, or when the Balances are not reduc'd to unnatural Superstructures.

Quid. Po, po, I tell you it is when the Fortifications of *Dunquerque* are demolish'd.—

Pamph. But I tell you, Mr. *Quidnunc*.——

Quid. I say Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

Pamph. Hear me, Mr. *Quidnunc*.

Quid. Give me Leave, Mr. *Pamphlet*.

Pamph. I must observe, Sir,——

Quid. I am convinc'd, Sir.——

Pamph. That the Balance of Power——

Quid. That the Fortifications at *Dunquerque*.——

Pamph. Depends upon the Balances and Superstructures.—

Quid. Constitute the true Political Equilibrium.—

Pamph. Nor will I converse with a Man——

Quid. And, Sir, I never desire to see your Face,—

Pamph. Of such anti-constitutional Principles.

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Quid. Nor the Face of any Man who is such a Frenchman in his Heart, and has such Notions of the Balance of Power. [Exeunt.]

QUIDNUNC (*Re-enters.*)

Ay, I've found him out,—such abominable Principles, I never desire to converse with any Man of his Notions,—no, never, while I live.——

Re-enter PAMPHLET.

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*, one Word with you if you please.

Quid. Sir, I never desire to see your Face.——

Pamph. My Property, Mr. *Quidnunc*—I shan't leave my Property in the House of a Bankrupt, (*twisting his Handkerchief round his Arm*) a silly, empty, incomprehensible Blockhead.

Quid. Blockhead! Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

Pamph. A Blockhead to use me thus, when I have you so much in my Power ——

Quid. In your Power!

Pamph. In my Power, Sir,—it's in my Power to hang you.

Quid. To hang me!

Pamph. Yes, Sir; to hang you——(*drawing on his Coat*) Did not you propose, but this Moment, did not you desire me to combine and confederate to burn a Note, and defraud your Creditors.——

Quid. I desire it!

Pamph. Yes, Mr. *Quidnunc*, but I shall detect you to the World. I'll give your Character.——You shall have a Six-penny touch next Week.

Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe. [Exit Pamphlet.]

Quid. Mercy on me, there's the Effect of his anti-constitutional Principles.—The Spirit of his whole Party, I never desire to exchange another Word with him.

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Here's a Pother indeed!—did you call me?

Quid. No, you Trollop, no.——

Term. Will you go to Bed?

Quid. No, no, no, no,—I tell you, no.

Term. Better to go to Rest, Sir;—I heard a Doctor of Physic say as how, when a Man is past his grand CRIME,—what the *Dunce* makes forget my Word?——

his

his Grand CRIME-HYSTERIC, nothing is so good against *Indiscompositions* as Rest taken in its *prudish natalibus*.——

Quid. Hold your Prating,—I'll not go to Bed, I'll step to my Brother *Feeble*, I want to have some Talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. [*Exit Quidnunc*.]

Term. Go thy ways for an old *Hocus-pocus* of a News-monger.——You'll have good Luck if you find your Daughter here when you come back, Mr. *Bellmour* will be here in the *Intrim*, and if he does not carry her off, why then I shall think him a mere *shilly shally Feller*; and by my Troth I shall think him as bad a *Politising* as yourself.—Well, as I live and breathe, I wonders what the *Dickins* the Man sees in these News-Papers to be for ever *toxicated* with them—Let me see one of them, to try if I can *vestigate* any thing——(*takes the News-Paper and reads*.)

“Yesterday at Noon arrived at his Lodgings in
“*Pall-Mall*, *John Stukely*, Esq; for the Remainder of
“the Winter Season.”——

Where the *Dewil* has the Man been?—who knows him, or cares a minikin Pin about him?—He may go to *Jericho* for what I cares.——

“The same Day, Mr. *William Tabby*, an eminent
“Man-Milliner, was married to Miss *Jenkins*, Daugh-
“ter of Mr. *Jenkins*, a considerable *Harberdasber* in-
“*Bearbinder-Lane*.”——

What the *Dickins* is this to me?—can't Miss *Jenkins* and her Man-Milliner go to bed, and hold their Tongues?—why must they kiss and tell?

“By Advices from *Violenna*—this is *Policies* now—
(*reads to herself*)—“and promises a general Peace.”—
Why can't that make the old Curmudgeon happy?——

“By Letters from Paris”—this is more *Policies*——
(*reads to herself*) “and all seems tending to a general
“Rupture.”—What the *Dewil* does the *Feller* mean?—
Did not he tell me this Moment there was to be Peace,
and now its bloody News again—To go to tell me such
an impudent Lie to my Face!

“At the Academy in *Essex-street*, Grown People are
“taught to dance.”——

Grown People are taught to dance—I likes that well enough—I should like to be *betterer* in my Dancing—I likes the *Figerre* of a *Minute* as well as a *Figerre* in Speech—(*dances and sings*) But such *Trumpry* as the News is, with Kings, and Cheesemongers, and Bishops, and *Highbwayrman*, and Ladies Prayer-Books, and Lap-Dogs, and the *Domodary* and *Camomile*, and Ambassadors, and Hair-Cutters, all *biggledy piggdely* together——As I hope for *Marcy* I'll never read another Paper—and I wishes old *Quidnunc* would do the same—if the Man would do as I do, there would be some Sense in it,—if instead of his *Policies*, he would *manure* his Mind like me, and read good *Altars*, and improve himself in fine *Langidge*, and *Bombast*, and *polite Accollishments*.—— [Exit singing.]

SCENE the Street.

Enter BELLMOUR, ROVEWELL, and BRISK, in Liquor.

Bell. Women ever were, and ever will be fantastic Beings, vain, capricious, and fond of Mischief.——

Brisk. Well argued, Master.

ROVEWELL. (*sings.*)

Deceit is in every Woman,

But none in a Bumper can be, my brave Boys.

But none in a Bumper can be.

Bell. To be insulted thus, with such a contemptuous Answer to a Message of such tender Import, she might methinks at least have treated me with good Manners, if not with a more grateful Return.——

Rove. Split her Manners, let's go and drink t'other Bumper to drown Sorrow.

Bell. I'll shake off her Fetters,—I will, Brisk, this very Night I will.——

Brisk. That's right, Master, and let her know we have found her out, and as the Poet says,

' She that will not when she may,

' When she will, she shall have nay, Master.

Bell. Very true, Brisk, very true.—the Ingratitude of it touches to the quick,—my dear Rowewell, only come and see me take a final Leave.——

Rove. No truly, not I, none of your virtuous Minxes for me, I'll set you down there, if you've a mind to play the Fool.—I know she'll melt you with a
Tear,

Tear, and make a Puppy of you with a Smile, and so I'll not be Witnefs to it.

Bell. You're quite mistaken, I assure you,—you'll see me most manfully upbraid her with her Ingratitude, and with more Joy than a fugitive Galley Slave, escape from the Oar, to which I have been chain'd.—

Brisk. Master, Master, now's our Time, for look, by the Glimmering of yonder Lamp, who comes along by the Wall there.—

Bell. Her Father, by all that's Lucky,—my dear *Roverwell*, let's drive off.

Rove. I'll speak to him for you, Man.—

Bell. Not for the World—prithee come along—
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter QUIDNUNC, with a dark Lantborn.

Quid. If the Grand Turk should actually commence open Hostility, and the *House-bug Tartars* make a Diversion upon the Frontiers, why then it's my Opinion—Time will discover to us a great deal more of the Matter.

WATCH (*within.*)

Past Eleven o'Clock, a Cloudy Night.

Quid. Hey! past Eleven o'Clock,—'Sbodikins, my Brother *Feeble* will be gone to Bed,—but he shan't sleep till I have some Chat with him,—Hark'ye, Watchman, Watchman.

Enter WATCHMAN.

Watch. Call, Master.

Quid. Ay, step hither, step hither,—have you heard any News?

Watch. News, Master!

Quid. Ay, about the *Prussians* or the *Russians*?

Watch. *Russians*, Master.

Quid. Yes, or the Movements in *Pomerania*?

Watch. La, Master, I knows nothing—poor Gentleman (*pointing to his Head*) Good Night to you, Master,—past Eleven o'Clock. [Exit Watchman.]

Quid. That Man now has a Place under the Government, and he won't speak. But I'm losing Time (*knocks at the Door*) Hazy Weather (*looking up.*) The Wind's fix'd in that Quarter, and we shan't have any
Mails

Mails this Week to come,—come about, good Wind,
do, about.

Enter a SERVANT MAID.

Maid. La, Sir, is it you?

Quid. Is your Master at home, Child?

Maid. Gone to Bed, Sir.

Quid. Well, well, I'll step up to him.

Maid. Must not disturb him for the World, Sir.

Quid. Business of the utmost Importance.—

Maid. Pray consider, Sir, my Master an't well.

Quid. Prithee, be quiet Woman; I must see him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Room in FEEBLE's House.

Enter FEEBLE, in his Night Gown.

Feeb. I was just stepping into Bed;—bless my Heart what can this Man want?—I know his Voice, —I hope no new Misfortune brings him at this Hour.

Quid. Hold your Tongue, you foolish Hussy,—he'll be glad to see me.—*Brother Feeble, Brother Feeble (within.)*

Feeb. What can be the Matter?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Quid. Brother Feeble, I give you Joy,—the Nabob's demolish'd, (*sings*) Britons strike home, revenge, &c.

Feeb. Lackaday, Mr. Quidnunc, how can you serve me thus?

Quid. Suraja Dowla is no more.

Feeb. Poor Man! he's stark staring mad.—

Quid. Our Men diverted themselves with killing their Bullocks and their Camels, till they dislodg'd the Enemy from the Octagon, and the Counterscarp, and the Bunglo.

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow Morning,—oh! I'm ready to die.

Quid. Odsheart, Man, be of good chear,—the new Nabob, *Jaffier Alley Cawn*, has acceded to a Treaty; and the *English* Company have got all their Rights in the *Phirmaud* and the *Hushbulboorums*.

Feeb. But dear heart Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be disturb'd for this?

Quid. We had but two Seapoys killed, three Chokeys, four Gaul-walls, and two Zemidars. (*sings*) Britons never shall be Slaves.

Feeb.

Feeb. Would not to-morrow Morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your Windows, Man, light up your Windows. *Chandernagore* is taken.

Feeb. Well, well, I'm glad of it—good Night. (*going*)

Quid. Here, here's the *Gazette*——.

Feeb. Oh, I shall certainly faint. (*sits down*)

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you, (*Reads*) nay, don't run away—I've more News to tell you, there's an Account from *Williamsburg* in *America*.—the Superintendent of *Indian Affairs*——

Feeb. Dear Sir, dear Sir,———(*avoiding him*)

Quid. Has settled Matters with the *Cherokees*——
(*following him*)

Feeb. Enough, enough,———(*from him*)

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the *Catabaws*. (*after him*)

Feeb. Well, well, your Servant———(*from him*)

Quid. So that the back Inhabitants——(*after him*)

Feeb. I wish you'd let me be a quiet Inhabitant in my own House.———

Quid. So that the back Inhabitants will now be secur'd by the *Cherokees* and *Catabaws*.———

Feeb. You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the Commissioners.———

Quid. Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the Matter over at our Coffee-house.———

Feeb. Do so, do so———

Quid. (*Returning*) Mr. *Feeble*,———I had a Dispute about the Balance of Power,———pray now can you tell———

Feeb. I know nothing of the Matter———

Quid. Well, another Time will do for that—I have a great deal to say about that (*going, returns*) right, I had like to have forgot, there's an Erratum in the last *Gazette*.———

Feeb. With all my Heart———

Quid. Page 3d, Line 1, Col. 1st, and 3d, for *Bombs* read *Booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will———

Quid. Nay, but that alters the Sense, you know,——well, now your Servant. If I hear any more News

I'll

34 *The* UPHOLSTERER;

I'll come and tell you.—

Feeb. For Heaven's Sake no more.—

Quid. I'll be' with you before you're out of your first Sleep.—

Feeb. Good-night, Good-night.— [Runs off.]

Quid. I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of Morocco is dead—(bawling after him) so—now I've made him happy—I'll go and knock up my Friend *Razor*, and make him happy too;—and then I'll go and see if any Body's up at the Coffee-houses,—and make them all happy there too.— [Exit Quidnunc.]

SCENE a STREET. *A shabby House with a Barber's Pole up,—and Candles burning on the outside.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, with a dark Lanthorn.

Quid. Ah Friend *Razor*!—he has a great Respect for a rejoicing Night.—Who knows but he has heard some more Particulars?—

RAZOR looking out of the Window.

Razor Anan!

Quid. Friend *Razor*.

Razor. My Master *Quidnunc*! I'm rejoicing for the News.—will you partake of a Pipe?—I'll open the Door.

Quid. Not now, Friend *Razor*.

Razor. I've something to tell you—I'll come down.

Quid. This may be worth staying for—What can he have heard?

Enter RAZOR, in his Cap, a Pipe in his Mouth and a Tankard in his Hand.

Razor. Say here's to you, Master *Quidnunc*.

Quid. What have you heard? What have you heard?—

Razor. The Consumers of Oats are to meet next Week.

Quid. Those Consumers of Oats have been meeting any time these ten Years to my Knowledge, and I never cou'd find what they are about.

Razor. Things an't right, I fear—its enough to put down a Body's Spirits.— [Drinks.]

Quid. No, nothing to fear—I can tell you some good News—a certain great Potentate has not heard High-Mafs, the Lord knows when.

Razor.

Razor. That puts a Body in Spirits again. (*drinks*) Here, drink no wooden Shoes.

Quid. With all my Heart—(*drinks*) Good Liquor this, Master *Razor*, of a cold Night.

Razor. Yes,—I put a Quatern of British Brandy in my Beer—whu!—Do you know what a Rebel my Wife is?

Quid. A Rebel!

Razor. Ay, a Rebel—I earned Nineteen-pence half-penny to Day, and she wanted to lay out all that great Sum upon the Children—whu—but I bought those Candles for the good of my Country, to rejoice with as a Body may say—a little Virginy for my Pipe, and this Sup of Hot.—whu—

Quid. Ay, you're an Honest Man, and if every body did like you and me, what a Nation we shou'd be.—

Razor. Ay, very true,—(*shakes his Head*)

Quid. I can give you the Gazette to read.

Razor. Can you? a thousand Thanks,—I'll take it Home to you when I have done.—(*drinks and staggers.*)

Quid. Friend *Razor*, you begin to be a little in for't.

Raz. Yes, I have a whirligigg of a Head.—but a body shou'd get drunk sometimes for the good of one's Country.

Quid. Well, I shall be at home in half an Hour.—Hark'ye.

Raz. —Anan!

Quid. I have made a rare discovery,—*Florida* will be able to supply *Jamaica* with Peet for their Winters firings. I had it from a deep Politician.

Raz. Ay! I am glad the Poor People of *Jamaica* will have *Florida* Peet to burn. ————— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *The Upholserer's House.*

Enter BELLMOUR, and HARRIET.

Har. Mr. *Bellmour*, pray Sir—I desire, Sir, you'll not follow me from Room to Room.

Bell. Indulge me but a Moment.

Har. No, Mr. *Bellmour*, I've seen too much of your Temper,—I'm touch'd beyond all enduring at your unmanly Treatment.

Bell. Unmanly, Madam.

Har.

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Har. Unmanly, Sir, to presume upon the Misfortunes of my Family, and insult me with the formidable Menaces that, "Truly you have done, you'll be no more a Slave to me."—Oh fye, Mr. *Bellmour*, I did not think a Gentleman capable of it.

Bell. But you wont consider.

Har. Sir, I wou'd have Mr. *Bellmour* understand that tho' my Father's Circumstances are embarrass'd, I have still an Uncle, who can, and will place me in a State of Affluence, and then, Sir, your Declarations.—

Bell. My dearest *Harriet*, they were but hasty Words, let me now entreat you suffer me to convey you hence, far from your Father's Roof, where we may at length enjoy that Happiness, of which we have long cherish'd the loved Idea.—What say you, *Harriet*.

Har. I don't know what to say—my Heart's at my Lips.—why don't you take me then.

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Undone, Undone! I'm all over in a *frustration*—old *Jimini Gomini*'s coming.

Har. O Eud, what is to be done now?

Term. The Devil! what can be done? I have it—don't *frustrate* yourself,—I'll find some Nonsense News for him—away with you both into that Room. Quick, quick. [*Exeunt.*]

Let me see—have I nothing in my Pocket for the Old *Hocus Pocus*, to read? Pwash! that's Mr. *Bellmour*'s Letter to Miss *Harriet*—I *envelop'd* that Secret for all Pains to *purvent* me.—Old Politic must not have an *Ideer* of that Business—Stay, stay, is there ne'er an old Trumpery News-paper?—this will do.—[*Puts it in her Pocket*] Now let the Gazette of a Fellow come as soon as he will.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Quid. Fy upon it—fy upon it!—all the Coffee Houses shut up—Where is my *Salmon's* Gazetteer, and my Map of the World?—In that Room, I fancy—I won't sleep till I know the Geography of all these Places. [*Going.*]

Term. Sir, Sir, Sir!

Quid. What's the Matter?

Term.

Term. Here has been Mr.——He with the odd Name.

Quid. Mr. D—— that writes the pretty Verses upon all Public Occasions.——

Term. Ay, Mr. *Reptile*—the same, He says as how there are some *Affays* of his in this Paper—(*searches her Pockets*) And he desires you will give him your *Ideer* of them.

Quid. That I will—let me see!——

Term. The Deuce fetch it—here is something *dis-intangles* in my Pocket—there, there it is.—(*gives the Paper and drops the Letter*) Pray *amuse* it before you go to Bed—or had not you better go, and read it in Bed.——

Quid. No, I'll read it here.——

Term. Do so,—he'll call in the Morning,—I'll get him to Bed I warrant me, and then Miss *Harriet* may Elope as fast as she will.—— [Exit.

Quid. Hey!—this is an old News-Paper, I see.—— What's this? (*takes up the Letter*) here may be some News.—“ To Miss *Harriet Quidnunc*.”—Let me see— [reads.

“ My dearest *Harriet*,

“ Why will you keep me in a state of Suspence? I
“ have given you every Proof of the sincerest Constancy
“ and Love. Surely then, now that you see your Fa-
“ ther's Obstinacy, you may determine to consult your
“ own Happiness; if you will permit me to wait on
“ you this Evening, I will convey you to a Family,
“ who will take the tenderest Care of your Person,
“ 'till you resign it to the Arms of

“ Your Eternal Admirer

Bellmour.”

So, so, here's Policy detected—why *Harriet*,
Daughter!—*Harriet*!—She has not made her Escape
I hope—So Madam.——

Enter *HARRIET* and *BELLMOUR*.

Quid. Hey, the Enemy in our Camp.

Har. Mr. *Bellmour* is no Enemy, Sir.——

Quid. No! What does he lurk in my House for?

Bell. Sir, my Designs are honourable, you see, Sir,
I am above concealing myself.

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Quid. Ay, Thanks to *Termagant*, or I shou'd have been undermined here by you.——

Term. (*looking in.*) What the Devil is here to do now;—I am all over in a Quandery.

Quid. Now, Madam, an't you a false Girl—an undutiful Child?—But I can get Intelligence you see—*Termagant* is my Friend, and if it had not been for her—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. Oh my Stars and Garters! here's such a piece of work——What shall I do?——My poor dear Miss *Harriet*——(*cries bitterly.*)

Quid. What is there any more News? What has happen'd now?

Term. Oh, Madam, Madam, forgive me, my dear Ma'am—I did not do it purpose—I did not, as I hope for Mercy I did not ——

Quid. Is the Woman crazy?

Term. I did not intend to give it him;—I would have seen him gibbeted first, I found the Letter in your Bed-Chamber—I knew it was the same I delivered to you—and my Curiosity did make me peep into it; says my Curiosity, “Now *Termagant*, you may gratify yourself by finding out the Contents of that Letter, which you have so violent an itching for.”—My Curiosity did say so——and then I own my respect for you did say to me, “Hussey, how dare you meddle with what does not belong to you? Keep your Distance and let your Mistress's Secrets alone.” And then upon that, in comes my Curiosity again, “Read it, I tell you, *Termagant*, a Woman of Spirit shou'd know every thing.” “Let it alone, you Jade,” says my Respect, “it's as much as your Place is worth,” “What *signification's* a Place with an old *Bankrupt*,” says my Curiosity, “there's more Places than one, and so read it, I tell you, *Termagant*.”——I did read it, what could I do?—Heav'n help me—I did read it, I don't go to deny it, I don't,——I don't——
(crying very bitterly.)

Quid. And I have read it too, don't keep such an Uproar, Woman——

Term. And after I had read it, thinks me, I'll give this to my Mistress again, and her *Germanocus* of a Father

Father shall never see it—and so as my ill Stars would have it, as I was giving him a New-Paper, I run my Hand into the Lyon's Mouth.—— [crying.

Bell. What an unlucky Jade she has been! [aside.

Har. Well, there's no Harm done, *Termagant*; for I don't want to deceive my Father.

Quid. Yes, but there is Harm done, (*knocking*) Hey, what's all this knocking—Step and see, *Termagant*.

Term. Yes, Sir.—— [Exit.

Quid. A Waiter from the Coffee-House mayhap with some News—You shall go to the Round House, Friend—I'll carry you there myself, and who knows but I may meet a Parliament Man in the Round House to tell me some Politicks.

Enter ROVEWELL.

Rove. But I say I will come in, my Friend shan't be murder'd amongst you——

Bell. 'Sdeath, *Rove*, what brings you here?

Rove. I have been waiting in a Hackney Coach for you these two Hours, and split me but I was afraid they had smother'd you between two Feather Beds.

Enter TERMAGANT.

Term. More Misfortunes—here comes the Watch.

Quid. The best News I ever heard.

Enter WATCHMAN.

Quid. Here Thieves, Robbery, Murder, I charge 'em both, take 'em directly.

Watch. Stand and deliver in the King's Name, seize 'em, knock 'em down——

Bell. Don't frighten the Lady—here's my Sword—I surrender.

Rove. You Scoundrels—Stand off, Rascals——

Watch. Down with him—down with him—— [fight.

Enter RAZOR in his first Cloaths—with the Gazette in his Hand.—

Razor. What a fray at my Master *Quidnunc's*—knock him down,—knock him down——

[folds up the Gazette and strips to fight.

Quid. That's right, that's right—hold him fast.—

[Watchmen seize Rove. and Razor puts on his Cloaths.

Rove. You have overpower'd me, you Rascals——

Term.

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Term. I believe as sure as any thing, as how he's a *Higbwarman*, and as how it was he that robb'd the Mail.

Quid. What, rob the Mail and stop all the News,—search him—search him—he may have the Letters belonging to the Mail in his Pockets now—Ay, here's one Letter—"To Mr. *Abrabam Quidnunc*,"—Let's see "what it is—Your dutiful Son, *John Quidnunc*."—

Rove. That's my Name, and *Roverwell* was but assumed.

Quid. What and am I your Father?

Razor. (*looks at him*) Oh my dear Sir, (*embraces him and powders him all over*) 'tis he sure enough—I remember the Mole on his Cheek,—I shav'd his first Beard.

Quid. Just return'd from the West-Indies, I suppose.

Rove. Yes, Sir; the owner of a rich Plantation.

Quid. What, by studying Politicks?

Rove. By a rich Planter's Widow; and I have now Fortune enough to make you happy in your old Age.

Razor. And I hope I shall shave him again.

Rove. So thou shalt, honest *Razor*,—in the mean time let me entreat you bestow my Sister upon my Friend *Bellmour* here.

Quid. He may take her as soon as he pleases,—'twill make an excellent Paragraph in the News-Papers.

Term. There, Madam, calcine your Person to him.

Quid. What are the *Spaniards* doing in the Bay of *Honduras*?

Rove. A Truce with Politicks for the Present, if you please, Sir.—We'll think of our own Affairs first—before we concern ourselves about the Balance of Power.

Razor. With all my Heart, I'm rare happy.

*Come, Master Quidnunc, now with News ba' done,
Bless'd in your Wealth, your Daughter and your Son;
May Discord cease, Faction no more be seen,
Be High and Low for Country, King and Queen.*

F I N I S.



